SAINT

Peters com-

playnt.

With other Poems.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for G. C.
1595.

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers.

Hauing beheld (kind Gentlemen) the numberlesse Iudges of not to be reckoned labours, with what kind admiration you haue entertained the Diuine Complaint of holy Peter; and hauing in my hands certaine especiall Poems and diuine Meditations, full as woorthie belonging to the same, I thought it a charitable deede to giue them life in your memories, which els should die in an obscure sacrifice, gently embrace them, gentle censurers of gentle indeuors: so shall you not be fantastike in diuersity of opinions, nor contradict your resolues by

denying your former iudgements, but ſtill bee your ſelues diſcreetely vertuous, nor could I other wiſh, but that the courteous reader of theſe labors, not hauing already bought Peters Complaint, would not for ſo ſmall a mite of money looſe ſo rich a treaſure of heauenly wiſdome as theſe two Treatiſes ſhould miniſter vnto him, the one ſo needfully depending vpon the other. One thing amongſt the reſt I am to admoniſh thee of, that hauing in this Treatiſe read Maries viſitation, the next that ſhould follow is Chriſts natiuity, but being afore printed in the end of Peters Complaint, we haue heere of purpoſe omitted; that thou ſhouldeſt not be abridged of that and the other like comforts which that other treatiſe profereth thee.

Yours (kind Gentlemen) in all his abilities. I. B.

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

The Author to the Reader.

DEare eye that doeſt peruſe my Muſes ſtyle.
VVith eaſie cenſure deeme of my delight:
Giue ſobreſt countnance leaue ſometime to ſmyle,
And graueſt wits to take a breathing flight:
Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime,
But tyred ſpirites for mirth muſt haue a time.

The ſoftie Eagle ſoares not ſtill aboue,
High flightes will force her from the wing to ſtoupe,
And ſtudious thoughtes at times men muſt remoue,
Leaſt by exceſſe before their time they droupe.
In courſer ſtudies tis a ſweete repoſe,
VVith Poets pleaſing vaine to temper proſe.

Prophane conceits and fayning fits I flie,
Such lawleſſe ſtuffe doth lawleſſe ſpeeches fit:
VVith *Dauid* verſe to vertue I applie,
VVhoſe meaſure beſt with meaſured wordes doth fit:
It is the ſweeteſt note that man can ſing,
VVhen grace in vertues key tunes natures ſtring.

The Author to the Reader.

DEare eye that dayneſt to let fall a looke,
On theſe ſad memories of Peters *plaints:*
Muſe not to ſee ſome mud in cleereſt brooke,
They once were brittle mould that now are Saints.
Theyr weakenes is no warrant to offend,
Learne by their faults, what in thine owne to mend.

If equities euen-hand the ballance held,
VVhere Peters *ſinnes and ours were made the weightes:*
Ounce, for his dramme: Pound, for his Ounce we yeeld:
His ship would groane to feele ſome ſinners freightes.
So ripe is vice, ſo greene is vertues bud:
The world doth waxe in ill, but waine in good.

This makes my mourning Muſe reſolue in teares,
This theames my heauy penne to plaine in proſe,
Chriſts *Thorne is sharpe, no head his Garland weares:*
Still fineſt wits are ſtilling Venus *Roſe.*
In paynim toyes the ſweeteſt vaines are ſpent:
To Chriſtian workes, few haue their tallents lent.

Licence my ſingle penne to ſeeke a pheere,
You heauenly ſparkes of wit, shew natiue light:
Cloud not with miſtie loues your Orient cleere,
Sweet flights you shoote; learne once to leuell right.
Fauour my wish, well-wishing workes no ill:
I mooue the Suite, the Graunt reſtes in your will.

Saint

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

SAINT PETERS
Complaynt.

LAunch foorth my Soule into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with griefe the traffick of thy mind:
Torne ſayles will ſerue, thoughts rent with guilty (feares:
Giue care the ſterne: vſe ſighes in lieu of wind:
Remorſe, thy Pilot: thy miſdeede, thy Carde?
Torment thy Hauen: Shipwracke, thy beſt reward.

Shun not the ſhelfe of moſt deſerued ſhame:
Sticke in the ſandes of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be ſtormes and billowes game:
Diuorc'd from grace thy ſoule to pennance wed:
Flie not from forreine euils, flie from thy hart:
VVorſe then the worſt of euils is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy breſt,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudie eyes:
VVhere ſinne was hatch'd, let teares now waſh the neſt:
VVhere life was loſt, recouer life with cryes.
Thy treſpaſſe foule: let not thy teares be few:
Baptize thy ſpotted ſoule in weeping dewe.

Flie mournefull plaintes, the Ecchoes of my ruth;
VVhoſe ſcreeches in my freighted conſcience ring:
Sob out my ſorrowes, fruites of mine vntruth:
Report the ſmart of ſinnes infernall ſting.
Tell hartes that languiſh in the ſorieſt plight,
There is on earth a farre more ſorry wight.

A ſorry wight, the obiect of diſgrace,
The monument of feare, the map of ſhame,
The mirrour of miſhap, the ſtaine of place,
The ſcorne of time, the infamy of fame:
An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heades dreame you of fortunes pride:
Fill volumes with your forged Goddeſſe prayſe.
You fancies drudges, plung'd in follies tide:
Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
Be you ô ſharpeſt griefes, that euer wrung,
Texte to my thoughtes, Theame to my playning tung.

A

Sad ſubiect of my ſinne hath ſtoard my minde.
VVith euerlaſting matter of complaint:
My threnes an endleſſe Alphabet do finde,
Beyond the panges which *Ieremy* doth paint.
That eyes with errors may iuſt meaſure keepe,
Moſt teares I wiſh that haue moſt cauſe to weepe.

All

Saint

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

All weeping eyes reſigne your teares to me:
A ſea will ſcantly rince my ordur'de ſoule:
Huge horrours in high tides muſt drowned bee,
Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.
Theſe ſtaines are deepe: few drops, take out no ſuch:
Euen ſalue with ſore: and moſt, is not too much.

I fear'd with life, to die; by death to liue:
I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
To breath in bliſſe, I fear'd my breath to giue:
I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.
Theſe feares I fear'd, feares feeling no miſhaps:
O fond, ô faint, ô falſe, ô faultie laps.

How can I liue, that thus my life deni'd?
VVhat can I hope, that loſt my hope in feare?
VVhat truſt to one, that truth it ſelfe defi'de?
VVhat good in him, that did his God forſweare?
O ſinne, of ſinnes, of euils, the very worſt:
O matchleſſe wretch: ô catiffe moſt accurſt.

Vaine in my vaunts I vowd if friends had fail'd
Alone *Chriſts* hardeſt fortunes to abide:
Giant in talke, like dwarfe, in triall quaild:
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such diſtance is betweene high words and deeds:
In proofe the greateſt vaunter ſeldome ſpeedes.

Ah raſhnes haſtie ryſe to murdering leape,
Lauiſh in vowing, blind, in ſeeing what:
Soone ſowing ſhames, that long remorſe muſt reape:
Nurcing with teares, that ouer-ſight begat;
Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treaſon to wiſedome, mother of ill name.

The borne-blind begger, for receiued ſight,
Faſt in his faith and loue, to *Chriſt* remain'd,
Hee ſtouped to no feare, he feard no might:
No change his choice: no threats his truth diſtain'd.
One wonder wrought him in his dutie ſure:
I, after thouſands did my Lord abiure.

Could ſeruile feare of rendring natures due,
VVhich growth in yeeres was ſhortly like to claime,
So thrall my loue, that I ſhould thus eſchue
A vowed death, and miſſe ſo faire an ayme?
Die, die, diſloyall wretch, thy life deteſt:
For ſauing thine, thou haſt forſworne the beſt.

Ah life, ſweet drop, drownd in a ſea of ſowers,
A flying good, poſting to doubtfull end,
Still looſing months and yeeres to gaine new howers:
Faine, time to haue, and ſpare, yet forſt to ſpend;
Thy growth, decreaſe, a moment, all thou haſt:
That gone, ere knowne: the reſt: to come, or paſt.

Ah

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

Ah life, the maze of countleſſe ſtraying waies,
Open to erring ſteps, and ſtrow'd with baits,
To winde weake ſences into endleſſe ſtrayes,
A loofe from vertues rough vnbeaten ſtraights;
A flower, a play, a blaſt, a ſhade, a dreame,
A liuing death, a neuer turning ſtreame.

And could I rate ſo high a life ſo baſe?
Did feare with loue caſt ſo vneuen account,
That for this goale I ſhould runne Iudas race,
And Caiphas rage in crueltie ſurmount?
Yet they eſteemed thirtie pence his price,
I, worſe then both, for nought deny'd him thriſe.

Ma

The mother ſea from ouerflowing deepes,
Sends forth her iſſue by diuided vaines:
Yet backe her of-ſpring to theyr mother creepes,
To pay theyr pureſt ſtreames with added gaines;
But I that drunke the drops of heauenly flud,
Bemyr'd the gyuer with returning mud.

Is this the harueſt of his ſowing toyle?
Did *Chriſt* manure thy hart to breed him bryers?
Or doth it need this vnaccuſtomd ſoyle,
VVith helliſh dunge to fertile heauens deſires?
No, no, the Marle that periuries doth yeeld,
May ſpoyle a good, not fat a barraine field.

VVas this for beſt deſerts the dueſt meede?
Are higheſt worthes well wag'de with ſpitefull hire?
Are ſtouteſt vowes repeal'd in greateſt neede?
Should friendſhip at the firſt affront retire?
Bluſh crauen ſott, lurke in eternall night:
Crouch in the darkeſt caues from loathed light.

Ah wretch, why was I nam'd ſonne of a doue,
VVhoſe ſpeeches voyded ſpight, and breathed gall?
No kin I am vnto the bird of loue:
My ſtony name much better ſutes my fall,
My othes were ſtones; my cruell tongue the ſling:
My God, the marke: at which my ſpight did fling.

VVere all the Iewiſh tiranies too few,
To glut thy hungry lookes with his diſgrace:
That thou more hatefull tirannies muſt ſhew:
And ſpit thy poyſon in thy Makers face?
Didſt thou to ſpare his foes put vp thy ſword:
To brandiſh now thy tongue againſt thy Lord?

Ah tongue, that didſt his prayſe and Godhead ſound,
How wert thou ſtain'd with ſuch deteſting words
That euery word was to his hart a wound,
And launſt him deeper then a thouſand ſwordes?
VVhat rage of man, yea what infernall ſpirite,
Could haue diſgorg'd more loathſome dregs of ſpite?

VVhy

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

VVhy did the yeelding ſea like marble way
Support a wretch more wauering then the waues? Mat
VVhom doubt did plunge, why did the water ſtay,
Vnkind, in kindneſſe; murthering, while it ſaues?
O that this toung had then been fiſhes food,
And I deuour'd before this curſing moode.

Their ſurges, depthes, and ſeas vnfirme by kinde,
Rough guſts, and diſtance both from ſhip and ſhoare,
VVere titles to excuſe my ſtaggering minde,
Stout feete might falter on that liquid floare.
But here, no ſeas, no blaſtes, no billowes were,
A puffe of womans winde bred all my feare.

O coward troupes far better arm'd then harted, Ioh.
VVhom angry words, whom blowes could not prouok,
VVhom though I taught how ſore my weapon ſmarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding ſtroke.
O no: that ſtroke could but one moitie kill,
I was reſeru'd both halfes at once to ſpill.

Ah, whether was forgotten loue exilde?
VVhere did the truth of pledged promiſe ſleepe?
VVhat in my thoughts begat this ougly child,
That could through rented ſoule thus fircely creepe?
O viper, feare their death by whom thou liueſt,
All good thy ruynes wrecke, all euels thou giueſt.

Threats threw me not, torments I none assayde:
My fray, with shades: conceits dyd make me yeeld,
VVounding my thoughts with feares: selfely dismayd,
I neyther fought nor lost, I gaue the field;
Infamous foyle: a Maidens easie breath
Dyd blow me downe, and blast my soule to death.

Titles I make vntruths, am I a rocke?
That with so soft a gale was ouer-throwne?
Am I fit Pastor for the faithfull flocke,
To guide theyr soules, that murdred thus mine owne?
A rock of ruine, not a rest to stay,
A Pastor, not to feed, but to betray.

Fidelitie was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible brood in vertues nest:
Courage can lesse with cowardise be matched,
Prowesse nor loue lodg'd in deuided brest;
O Adams child, cast by a sillie Eue,
Heire to thy Fathers foyles, and borne to greeue.

In Thabors ioyes I eger was to dwell,
An earnest friend while pleasures light did shine,
But when ecclipsed glory prostrate fell,
These zealous heates to sleepe I did resigne;
And now, my mouth hath thrise his name defil'd,
That cry'd so loud three dwellings there to build.

VVhen

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

VVhen *Christ* attending the distressefull hower,
VVith his surcharged brest did blesse the ground,
Prostrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding shower,
Me, like my selfe, a drowsie friend he found;
Thrise in his care, sleepe closde my careless eye,
Presage, how him my tongue should thrise deny.

Parting from *Christ* my fainting force declin'd,
VVith lingring foote I followed him a loofe,
Base feare out of my hart his loue vnshrind,
Huge in high words, but impotent in proofe;
My vaunts did seeme hatcht vnder Sampsons locks,
Yet womans wordes did giue me murdring knocks.

So farre luke warme desires in crasie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foote they trayne:
In tydes they swimme, low ebbes they scorne to proue,
They seeke their friends delights, but shun their paine.
Hire of a hireling minde is earned shame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remisnes, vertues quartane feuer,
Pyning of loue, consumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,
Soules wilfull famine, sinnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermining euill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought.

O portreſſe of the doore of my diſgrace;
VVhoſe toung, vnlockt the truth of vowed minde;
VVhoſe wordes, from cowardes hart did courage chaſe,
And let in death-full feares my ſoule to blinde,
O, hadſt thou been the portreſſe to my tombe:
VVhen thou wert portreſſe to that curſed roome.

Yet loue, was loath to part; feare, loath to die:
Stay, daunger life, did counterplead their cauſes:
I fauouring ſtay, and life, bad daunger flie:
But daunger did except againſt theſe clauſes.
Yet ſtay, and liue, I would, and daunger ſhunne:
And loſt my ſelfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I ſtayde, yet did my ſtaying fartheſt part:
I liu'd; but ſo, that ſauing life, I loſt it:
Daunger I ſhun'd, but to my ſorer ſmart:
I gayned nought, but deeper domage croſt it,
VVhat daunger, diſtance, death is worſe then this,
That runnes from God and ſpoyles his ſoule of bliſſe?

16 O *Iohn* my guide into this earthly hell,
Too well acquainted in ſo ill a court,
VVhere rayling mouthes with blaſphemies did ſwell,
VVith taynted breath infecting all reſort.
VVhy didſt thou lead me to this hell of euills:
To ſhew my ſelfe a fiend among the diuels?

Euill

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

Euill preſident, the tyde that wafts to vice,
Dumme Orator, that woes with ſilent deedes,
VVriting in workes leſſons of ill aduiſe,
The doing tale that eye in practiſe reedes:
Taſter of ioyes: to vnacquainted hunger:
VVith leauen of the olde ſeaſoning the yonger,

It ſeemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
The number of offenders hides the ſinne:
Coatch drawne, with many horſe doth eaſely runne.
Soone followeth one where multitudes begin.
O, had I in that court much ſtronger bin;
Or not ſo ſtrong as firſt to enter in.

Sharpe was the weather in that ſtormie place, Ioh
Beſt ſuting hearts benum'd with helliſh froſt,
VVhoſe cruſted malice could admit no grace,
VVhere coales were kindled to the warmers coſt.
VVhere feare, my thoughts canded with yſie colde:
Heate, did my tongue to periuries vnfolde.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer ſaw it)
Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did require to thawe it,
Thy hell reſembling heate did freeze it worſe.
O that I rather had congeal'd to yſe:
Then bought thy warm'th at ſuch a damning price.

6. O wakefull bird, proclaimer of the day,
4. VVhoſe piercing note doth daunt the Lions rage:
Thy croving did my ſelfe to me bewray,
My frights, and brutiſh heates it did aſwage.
But ô, in this alone vnhappie cocke:
That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iuſt rebuker of my crime,
The faithfull waker of my ſleeping feares:
Be now the daylie clocke to ſtrike the time,
VVhen ſtinted eyes ſhall pay their taske of teares.
Vpbraide mine eares with thine accuſing crow:
To make me rew that firſt it made me know.

O milde reuenger of aſpiring pride,
Thou canſt diſmount high thoughts to low effects:
Thou mad'ſt a cocke me for my fault to chide,
My lofty boaſtes this lowlie bird corrects.
VVell might a cocke correct me with a crow:
VVhom henniſh cackling firſt did ouer-throw.

7. VVeake weapons did Golias fumes abate,
VVhoſe ſtorming rage did thunder threates in vaine:
His bodie huge harneſt with maſsie plate,
Yet Dauids ſtone brought death into his braine.
VVith ſtaffe and ſling as to a dog he came:
And with contempt did boaſting fury tame.

Yet

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

Yet Dauid had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skilfull might excuſd Golias foyle:
The death is eaſd that worthy hand hath wrought,
Some honour liues in honorable ſpoile.
But I on whom all infamies muſt light:
VVas hiſd to death with wordes of womens ſpight.

Small gnats enforſt th'Egiptian king to ſtoupe, Exo
Yet they in ſwarmes and arm'd with piercing ſtings:
Smart, noyſe, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No ſmall incombrance ſuch ſmall vermine brings:
I quaild at words that neither bit nor ſtoung,
And thoſe deliuered from a womans toung.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping mind:
Selfe ouer-throw; falſe friend; root of remorce:
Sighted, in ſeeing euils; in ſhunning blind;
Foyld without field; by fancie not by force;
Ague of valour; phrenſie of the wiſe;
True honours ſtaine; loues froſt; the mint of lies.

Can vertue, wiſedome, ſtrength by women ſpild
In Dauids, Salomons and Sampſons falls, 2.R
VVith ſemblance of excuſe my errour guild, 3.R
Or lend a marble gloſe to muddy walles? Iud
O no their fault had ſhow of ſome pretence,
No veyle can hide the ſhame of my offence.

The blaze of beauties beames allur'd their lookes,
Their lookes, by ſeeing oft, conceiued loue:
Loue, by affecting, ſwallowed pleaſures hookes:
Thus beautie, loue, and pleaſure them did mooue.
Theſe Syrens ſugred tunes rockt them a ſleepe:
Enough, to damne, yet not to damne ſo deepe.

But gratious features dazeled not mine eies,
Two homely droyles were authors of my death:
Not loue, but feare, my ſences did ſurprize:
Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath.
And thoſe vnarm'd, ill grac'd, deſpiſd, vnknowne:
So baſe a blaſt my truth hath ouer-throwne.

O women, woe to men: traps for their fals,
Still actors in all tragicall miſchances:
Earthes neceſſarie euils, captiuing thralls,
Now murdring with your tongs, now with your glan-
Parents of life, and loue: ſpoylers of both, (ces,
The theeues of harts: falſe do you loue or loth.

In time, ô Lord, thine eyes with mine did meete,
In them I reade the ruines of my fall:
Their chearing raies that made misfortune ſweete,
Into my guiltie thoughts pourd floods of gall,
Their heauenly lookes that bleſt where they beheld,
Darts of diſdaine, and angrie checks did yeeld.

O ſacred

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O ſacred eyes, the ſprings of liuing light,
The earthly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell:
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell?
But thoſe vnſpotted eyes encountred mine,
As ſpotleſſe Sunne doth on the dounghill ſhine.

Sweet volumes ſtoard with learning fit for Saints,
VVhere blisfull quires imparadize their minds,
VVherein eternall ſtudie neuer faints,
Still finding all, yet ſeeking all it finds,
How endleſſe is your laborinth of bliſſe,
VVhere to be loſt the ſweeteſt finding is?

Ah wretch how oft haue I ſweet leſſons read,
In thoſe deare eyes the regiſters of truth?
How oft haue I my hungrie wiſhes fed,
And in their happie ioyes redreſs'd my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of diſdaine:
That erſt were euer pittiers of my paine.

You flames diuine that ſparkle out your heats,
And kindle pleaſing fires in mortall hearts:
You nectar'd Aumbryes of ſoule feeding meates,
You gracefull quiuers of loues deereſt darts:
You did vouchſafe to warme, to wound, to feaſt:
My cold, my ſtony, my now famiſhd breſt.

The matchles eyes, match'd onely each by other,
VVere pleasd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
The eye of liquid pearle, the pureſt mother,
Broch'd teares in mine to weepe for my miſchance;
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treaſure,
And did to my miſdeed their mercies meaſure.

Theſe blazing Comets, lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warming influence to know;
My frozen hart theyr ſacred force did proue,
VVhich at their lookes did yeeld like melting ſnow,
They did not ioyes in former plentie carue,
Yet ſweet are crums where pined thoughts do ſtarue.

O liuing mirrours, ſeeing whom you ſhew,
which equall ſhadows worths with ſhadowed things:
Yea make things nobler then in natiue hew,
By being ſhap'd in thoſe life-gyuing ſprings;
Much more my image in thoſe eyes was grac'd,
Then in my ſelfe, whom ſinne and ſhame defac'd.

All-ſeeing eyes, more worth then all you ſee,
Of which one is the others onely price:
I worthleſſe am, direct your beames on mee,
VVith quickning vertue cure my killing vice.
By ſeeing things, you make things worth the ſight,
You ſeeing, ſalue, and beeing ſeene delight.

O Poole

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

O Pooles of Heſebon, the bathes of grace, C:
VVhere happy ſpirits diue in ſweet deſires:
VVhere Saints reioyce to glaſſe theyr glorious face,
VVhoſe banks make Eccho to the Angels quires;
An Eccho ſweeter in the ſole rebound,
Then Angels muſick in the fulleſt ſound.

O eyes, whoſe glaunces are a ſilent ſpeech,
In ciphred words high miſteries diſcloſing:
VVhich with a looke all Sciences can teach,
VVhoſe textes to faithfull harts neede little gloſing:
VVitneſſe vnworthy I, who in a looke,
Learn'd more by rote, then all the ſcribes by booke.

Tough malice ſtill poſſeſt theyr hardned minds,
I, though too hard, learn'd ſoftnes in thine eye,
VVhich yron knots of ſtubborne will vnbinds,
Offring them loue, that loue with loue will buy,
Thys did I learne, yet they could not diſcerne it,
But woe, that I had now ſuch neede to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your ſelues in light excelling,
VVhoſe preſence, day, whoſe abſence cauſeth night,
VVhoſe neighbour courſe, brings Sommer colde expel-
VVhoſe diſtant periods freeze away delight. (ling,
Ah, that I loſt your bright and foſtring beames,
To plunge my ſoule in theſe congealed ſtreames.

O graci-

O gracious ſpheres where loue the Center is,
A natiue place for our ſelfe-loaden ſoules:
The compaſſe, loue, a cope that none can mis:
The motion, loue that round about vs rowles:
O Spheres of loue, whoſe Center, cope and motion,
Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

O little worlds, the ſummes of all the beſt,
VVhere glory, heauen, God, ſonne: all vertues, ſtars;
VVhere fire, a loue that next to heauen doth reſt,
Ayre, light of life, that no diſtemper marres;
The water, grace, whoſe ſeas, whoſe ſpringes, whoſe ſhowers.
Cloth natures earth with euerlaſting flowers.

VVhat mixtures theſe ſweet elements do yeeld,
Let happy worldlings of thoſe worlds expound,
But ſimples are by compounds farre exceld,
Both ſute a place, where all beſt things abound.
And if a baniſht wretch geſſe not amiſſe:
All but one compound frame of perfect bliſſe.

I, out-caſt from theſe worlds exiled rome,
Poore Saint, from heauen, from fire cold Salamander:
Loſt fiſh, from thoſe ſweet waters kindly home,
From land of life, ſtray'd pilgrim ſtill I wander.
I know the cauſe: theſe worlds had neuer hell,
In which my faults haue beſt deſeru'd to dwell.

O Bethelem

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

O Bethelem ceſterns, *Dauids* moſt deſire, 2.Reg.
From which my ſinnes like fierce Philiſtims keepe,
To fetch your drops what champions ſhould I hire,
That I therein my withered heart may ſteepe.
I would not ſhed them like that holy king,
His were but tipes, theſe are the figured thing.

O turtle twins all bath'd in virgins milke,
Vpon the margin of full flowing bankes: Can.5.
VVhoſe gracefull plume ſurmounts the fineſt ſilke, 12.
VVhoſe ſight enamoreth heauens moſt happie rankes,
Could I forſweare this heauenly paire of doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

Twice *Moſes* wand did ſtrike the ſtubborne rocke,
Ere ſtony veynes would yeeld their chriſtall blood: Exod.1
Thy eyes, one looke ſeru'd as an onely knocke, verſe,6.
To make my hart guſh out a weeping flood.
VVherein my ſinnes as fiſhes ſpawne their frye,
To ſhew their inward ſhames, and then to dye.

But ô, how long demurre I on his eyes,
VVhoſe looke did pearce my hart with healing wound:
Launcing impoſtumd ſore of periurd lyes,
VVhich theſe two iſſues of mine eyes hath found:
VVhere runne it muſt, till death the iſſues ſtop,
And penall life hath purgd the finall drop.

Like ſoleſt Swan that ſwimmes in ſilent deepe,
And neuer ſings but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and ſole in ſecret weepe,
In ſuing pardon, ſpend thy periurd breath.
Attire thy ſoule in ſorrowes mourning weede:
And at thine eyes let guiltie conſcience bleede.

Still in the limbecke of thy dolefull breaſt,
Theſe bitter fruits that from thy ſinnes do grow,
For fuel, ſelfe accuſing thoughts be beſt,
Vſe feare, as fire the coales let pennance blow:
And ſeeke none other quinteſcence but teares,
That eyes may ſhed what entred at thine eares.

Come ſorrowing teares the ofspring of my griefe,
Scant not your parent of a needefull aide;
In you I reſt, the hope of wiſh'd reliefe,
By you my ſinnefull debts muſt be defraide.
Your power preuailes, your ſacrifice is gratefull,
By loue obtayning life to men moſt hatefull.

Come good effects of ill deſeruing cauſe;
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought forth:
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes,
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth;
The ſignes of ſhame in you each eye may read,
Yet while you guiltie proue, you pittie plead.

O beames

O beames of mercy beate on ſorrowes clowde,
Poure ſuppling ſhowres vpon my parched ground:
Bring forth the fruite to your due ſeruice vowde,
Let good deſires with like deſerts be crownd.
VVater young bloming vertues tender flower,
Sinne did all grace of riper groth deuower.

VVeepe Balme and mirrhe you ſweet Arabian trees,
VVith pureſt gummes perfume and pearle your ryne:
Shed on your hony drops you buſie bees,
I barraine plaint muſt weepe vnpleaſant bryne,
Hornets I hyue, ſalt drops their labour plyes,
Suckt out of ſinne, and ſhed by ſhowring eyes.

If Dauid night by night did bath his bed, Pſal. 6
Eſteeming longeſt dayes to ſhort too mone:
Inconſolable teares if Anna ſhed, Tob.
VVho in her ſonne her ſolace had forgone.
Then I to dayes, and weekes, to months and yeares,
Do owe the hourely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

If loue, if loſſe, if fault, if ſpotted fame,
If daunger, death, if wrath or wrecke of weale,
Entitle eyes true heires to earned blame,
That due remorſe in ſuch euents conceale,
Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
As chiefeſt Saint in Calender of ſhame.

Loue, where I lou'd, was due, and beſt deſeru'd,
No loue could ayme at more loue-worthy marke,
No loue more lou'd then mine of him I ſeru'd,
Large vſe he gaue, a flame for euery ſpark.
This loue I loſt, this loſſe a life muſt rue,
Yea life is ſhort to pay the ruth is due.

I loſt all that I had, and had the moſt,
The moſt that will can wiſh, or wit deuiſe:
I leaſt performd, that did moſt vainely boaſt,
I ſtaind my fame in moſt infamous wiſe.
VVhat daunger then, death, wrath, or wreck can moue,
More pregnant cauſe of teares then this I proue?

3,7. If Adam ſought a veyle to ſcarſe his ſinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a ſcourging hand,
If men ſhall wiſh that hils ſhould wrap them in,
VVhen crymes in finall doome come to be ſcand:
VVhat mount, what caue, what center can conceale
My monſtrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Come ſhame the liuery of offending minde:
The ougly ſhroud, that ouerſhadoweth blame:
The mulct, at which foule faults are iuſtly fynde,
The dampe of ſinne, the common ſluce of fame.
By which impoſtum'd tongues, their humors purge,
Light ſhame on me, I beſt deſeru'd the ſcourge.

Caines

Caines murdering hand imbrude in brothers blood, Gene
More mercy then my impious toung may craue:
He kild a riuall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue.
But feare ſo ſpoild my vanquiſht thoughts of loue:
That periurde oathes my ſpightfull hate did proue.

Poore Agar from her phere enforc'd to flye,
VVandring in Barſabeian wildes alone:
Doubting her child throgh helples drought would dye,
Laide it aloofe and ſet her downe to moane.
The heauens with praiers: her lap with teares ſhe fild,
A mothers loue in loſſe is hardly ſtild.

But Agar now bequeath thy teares to me, Gene,
Feares, not effects, did ſet aflote thine eyes:
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee,
Ah, not my ſonne, my ſoule it is that dyes.
It dyes for drought yet had a ſpring in ſight,
VVorthy to dye, that would not liue and might.

Faire Abſolons foule faults compard with mine, 2, Reg
Are brighteſt ſands, to mud of Sodome lakes.
High aymes, yong ſpirits, birth of royall line,
Made him play falſe where kingdomes were the ſtakes,
He gazd on golden hopes, whoſe luſtre winnes
Sometime the graueſt wittes to grieuous ſinnes.

But I whoſe crime cuts off the leaſt excuſe,
A kingdome loſt, but hop'd no mite of gaine,
My higheſt marke, was but the worthleſſe vſe,
Of ſome few lingring howres of longer paine;
Vngratefull child, his parent he purſude,
I, Gyants warre with God himſelfe renude.

2. Ioy infant Saints, whom in the tender flower
A happy ſtorme did free from feare of ſinne,
Long is their life that die in blisfull hower,
Ioyfull ſuch ends as endles ioyes begin.
Too long they liue, that lyue till they be nought,
Life ſau'd by ſinne, baſe purchaſe deerely bought.

This lot was mine, your fate was not ſo fearce,
VVhom ſpotleſſe death in cradle rockt a ſleepe,
Sweet Roſes mixt with Lillies ſtrow'd your hearce,
Death virgin white in martirs red did ſteepe.
Your downy heads both pearles and rubies crownd,
My hoary locks did femall feares confound.

You bleating Ewes that waile thys vvoluiſh ſpoyle,
Of ſucking Lambes new bought with bitter throwes,
To balme your babes your eyes diſtill theyr oyle,
Each hart to tombe her child wide rupture ſhowes;
Rue not theyr death whom death did but reuiue:
Yeeld ruth to me that liu'd to die aliue.

VVith

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

VVith eaſie loſſe ſharpe wreacks dyd he eſchew,
That Sindonles aſide did naked ſlyp,
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom ſinne did neuer ſtryp,
I that in vaunts diſplaid prides fayreſt flags,
Diſrob'd of grace, am wrapt in Adams rags.

VVhen traytor to the Sonne, in Mothers eyes,
I ſhall preſent my humble ſute for grace,
VVhat bluſh can paint the ſhame that will ariſe,
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might ſhe the ſorrow with the ſinner ſee,
Though I diſpiſde: my griefe might pittyed bee.

But ah, how can her eares my ſpeech endure,
Or ſent my breath ſtill reeking helliſh ſteeme?
Can Mother like what did the Sonne abiure,
Or hart deflowr'd a virgins loue redeeme?
The Mother nothing loues that Sonne doth loath,
Ah lothſome wretch deteſted of them both.

O ſiſter Nymphes the ſweet renowned payre,
That bleſſe Bethania bounds with your aboade:
Shall I infect that ſanctified ayre,
Or ſtaine thoſe ſteps where *Ieſus* breath'd and trode?
No: let your prayers perfume that ſweetned place:
Turne me with Tygers to the wildeſt chaſe.

11. Could I reuiued Lazarus behold,
The thyrd of that ſweet Trinitie of Saints?
VVould not aſtoniſht dread my ſences hold?
Ah yes, my hart euen with his naming faints;
I ſeeme to ſee a meſſenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

17. O Iohn, ô Iames, we made a triple corde
18. Of three moſt louing and beſt loued friends:
My rotten twiſt was broken with a word,
Fit now to fuel fire among the fiends;
It is not euer true, though often ſpoken,
That triple twiſted corde is hardly broken.

The diſpoſſeſſed deuils that out I threw,
In *Ieſus* name, now impiouſly forſworne,
Triumph to ſee mee caged in theyr mew,
Trampling my ruines with contempt and ſcorne;
My periuries were muſick to their daunce,
And now they heape diſdaines on my miſchaunce.

Our rock (ſay they) is riuen, ô welcome hower,
Our Eagles wings are clypt that wrought ſo hie:
Our thundering Cloude made noiſe but caſt no ſhower,
He proſtrate lyes that would haue ſcal'd the sky;
In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
Our Cedar now is ſhrunke into a ſhrub.

Theſe

Theſe ſcornefull wordes vpbraid my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned prompters neighbour voice:
Such vgly gueſts ſtill wait vpon the nought,
Fiends ſwarm to ſoules that ſwarue from vertues choiſe,
For breach of plighted truth, this true I trie:
Ah, that my deede thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once, too deere a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth, Saints, nere my ſelfe I ſaw;
Sweet was the ſight, but ſweeter loues did ſpice it,
But ſightes and loues did my miſdeed with-draw.
From heauen and Saints to hell and diuels eſtrang'd,
Thoſe ſights to frights, thoſe loues, to hates are chang'd.

Chriſt, as my God, was tempted in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eyes their deareſt light;
But ſinne, his temple hath to ruine brought:
And now, he lightneth terrour from his ſight,
Now of my lay vnconſecrate deſires,
Prophaned wretch I taſt the earned hires.

Ah ſinne, the nothing that doth all things file;
Out-caſt from heauen, earths curſe, the cauſe of hell:
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wrecke of ſoules, the wares that fiends do ſell.
That men to monſters; Angels turnes to diuels:
VVrong, of all rights; ſelfe ruine: root of euils.

A thing moſt done, yet more then God can doe,
Dayly new done; yet euer done amiſſe:
Friended of all, yet vnto all a foe,
Seeming a heauen, yet baniſhing from bliſſe.
Serued with toyle, yet paying nought but paine:
Mans deepeſt loſſe, though falſe, eſteemed gaine.

Shot, without noyſe: wound without preſent ſmart:
Firſt ſeeming light; prouing in fyne a lode,
Entring with eaſe, not eaſily wonne to part,
Far in effects from that the ſhowes abode:
Endorc'd with hope, ſubſcribed with diſpaire;
Vgly in death, though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of heauen: eternall debt,
A moments ioy; ending in endleſſe fires:
Our natures ſcumme; the worlds entangling Net:
Night of our thoughts: death of all good deſires.
VVorſe then all this: worſe then all tongues can ſay,
VVhich man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning viper, dumme till he had wounded,
VVith many mouthes doth now vpbraid my harmes:
My ſight was vaild till I my ſelfe confounded,
Then did I ſee the diſsinchanted charmes.
Then could I cut the anotomy of ſinne,
And ſearch with Linxes eyes what lay within.

Bewitching

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying ſhapes to maske thy face,
Novv know I the deciphring of thy ſleights,
A cunning, deerely bought with loſſe of grace;
Thy ſugred poyſon now hath wrought ſo well,
That thou haſt made me to my ſelfe a hell.

My eye, reades mournfull leſſons to my hart;
My hart, doth to my thought the griefes expound,
My thought, the ſame doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue, the meſſage in the eares doth ſound;
My eares, back to my hart theyr ſorrowes ſend,
Thus circkling griefes runne round without an end.

My guilty eye ſtill ſeemes to ſee my ſinne,
All things Characters are to ſpell my fall,
VVhat eye doth reade without, hart rues within,
VVhat hart doth rue, to penſiue thought is gall;
VVhich when the thought would by the tongue diſgeſt
The eare conuayes it backe into the breſt.

Thus gripes in all my parts do neuer fayle,
VVhoſe onely league is now in bartring paines,
VVhat I in groſſe, they traffique by retayle,
Making each others miſeries theyr gaines;
All bound for euer, prentizes to care,
VVhile I in ſhop of ſhame trade ſorrowes ware.

Pleasd with displeasing lot I seeke no change,
I wealthiest am when richest in remorce;
To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range,
For customers to buy I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are bought and sold,
And still in me the interest I hold.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,
In Orphan state deuoted to mishap:
Rent from the roote, that sweetest fruit did giue,
I scorn'd to graffe in stocke of meaner sap.
No iuice can ioy me but of Iesse flower,
VVhose heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

At sorrowes dore I knockt, they crau'd my name;
I aunswered one, vnworthy to be knowne;
VVhat one, say they? one worthiest of blame.
But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
A man? O no, a beast; much worse, what creature:
A rocke: how cald? the rocke of scandale, Peter,

From whence? from Caiphas house, ah dwell you there.
Sinnes farme I rented, there, but now would leaue it:
VVhat rent? my soule; what gaine? vnrest, and feare,
Deere purchase. Ah too deere, will you receiue it?
VVhat shall we giue? fit teares, and times, to plaine me,
Come in, say they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

VVith

VVith them I reſt true priſoner to theyr Iayle,
Chain'd in the yron linkes of baſeſt thrall,
Tyll grace vouchſafing captiue ſoule to bayle,
In wonted See degraded loues enſtall.
Dayes, paſſe in plaints: the nights without repoſe,
I wake, to weepe, I ſleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deaths allye, obliuion of teares,
Silence of paſsions, balme of angry ſore,
Suſpence of loues, ſecuritie of feares,
VVrathes lenitiue, harts eaſe, ſtormes calmeſt ſhore,
Sences and ſoules repriuall from all cumbers,
Benumming ſence of ill, with quiet ſlumbers.

Not ſuch my ſleepe, but whiſperer of dreames,
Creating ſtrange chymeraes, fayning frights:
Of day diſcourſes giuing fanſie theames,
To make dumme ſhewes with worlds of antick ſights,
Caſting true griefes in fanſies forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

This ſleepe moſt fitly ſuteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow, the ſmart of euill, Sinnes eldeſt child:
Beſt, when vnkind in killing who it bred,
A racke for guiltie thoughts, a bit, for wild.
The ſcourge, that whips, the ſalue that cures offence:
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath ſence.

Heere ſolitary Muſes nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent loneneſſe burying worldly noyſe,
Attentiue to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
Penſiue to foſter cares careleſſe of ioyes:
Ruing lifes loſſe vnder deathes dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behoofes.

A ſelfe contempt, the ſhroud: my ſoule, the corſe:
The beere, an humble hope: the herſe cloth, feare:
The mourners, thoughts, in blacks of deepe remorſe:
The herſe, grace, pittie, loue, and mercy beare.
My teares, my dole: the prieſt, a zealous will:
Pennance, the tombe: and dolefull ſighes, the knill.

Chriſt, health of feuer'd ſoule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of Infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light of the blind,
VVhom weeping winnes, repentant ſorrow moues.
Father in care, mother in tender hart:
Reuiue and ſaue me ſlaine with ſinnefull dart.

If king Manaſſes ſunke in depth of ſinne,
VVith plaints and teares recouered grace and crowne:
A worthleſſe worme ſome milde regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
A poore deſire I haue to mend my ill;
I ſhould, I would, I dare not ſay, I will.

I dare

I dare not ſay ; I will, but wiſh I may,
My pride is checkt, high wordes the ſpeaker ſpilt :
My good, ô Lord, thy gift ; thy ſtrength my ſtay :
Giue what thou bidſt, and then bid what thou wilt.
VVorke with me what thou of me do'ſt requeſt :
Then will I dare the moſt, and vow the beſt.

Prone looke, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite hart,
Deepe ſighes, thicke ſobs, dew'd eyes & proſtrate praiers,
Moſt humbly beg releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhroud in mercies ſweete repaires.
If iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage :
Feares, would diſpaires : ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lye,
Crauing the reffues crummes of childrens plate :
My ſores, I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags, beare witneſſe of my poore eſtate :
The wormes of conſcience that within me ſwarme :
Proue that my plaints are leſſe then is my harme,

VVith mildneſſe, *Ieſu*, meaſure my offence :
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate :
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe :
Let pittie temper thy deſerued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall :
VVith feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

Redeeme my lapſe with raunſome of thy loue,
Trauerſe th' inditement, rigors doome ſuſpend:
Let frailtie fauour, ſorrowes ſuccour moue,
Be thou thy ſelfe, though changling I offend.
Tender my ſute, clenſe this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, ſweet *Ieſu*, ſay Amen.

The end of Saint Peters complaint.

Marie

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

MARY MAGDALENS BLVSH.

THE ſignes of ſhame that ſtaine my bluſhing face,
Riſe from the feeling of my rauing fits,
VVhoſe ioy, annoy: whoſe guerdon, is diſgrace:
VVhoſe ſolace, flyes: whoſe ſorrow, neuer flits:
Bad ſeede I ſow'd: worſe fruite is now my gaine:
Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine.

Now pleaſure ebbes: reuenge beginnes to flow:
One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
Remorſe doth teach my guiltie thoughts to know,
How cheape I ſould, that Chriſt ſo deerely bought.
Faults long vnfelt doth conſcience now bewray,
VVhich cares muſt cure, and teares muſt waſh away.

All ghoſtly dynts that grace at me did dart,
Like ſtubborne rocke I forced to recoyle;
To other flights an ayme I made my hart, (foyle.
whoſe wounds, then wel-come, now haue wrought my
VVoe worth the bow, woe worth the archers might,
That draue ſuch arrowes to the marke ſo right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death:
One, to this world: one, to the world to come:
VVounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull dome.
And for a world, whose pleasures passe away:
I lose a world, whose ioyes are past decay.

O sence, ô soule, ô had, ô hoped blisse,
You wooe, you weane, you draw, you driue me back.
Your crosse encountring, like their combate is,
That neuer end but with some deadly wrack.
VVhen sence doth winne, the soule doth loose the field,
And present haps, make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen, lament: sence robbeth thee of Saints:
Lament ô soules, sence spoyleth you of grace.
Yet sence doth scarse deserue these hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, sence but the entring place.
Yet graunt I must, sence is not free from sinne,
For theefe he is that theefe admitteth in.

Marie

¶ Marie Magdalens complaynt at Christes death.

SIth my life from life is parted:
Death come take thy portion.
VVho ſuruiues, when life is murdred,
Liues by meere extortion.
All that liue, and not in God:
Couch their life in deaths abod.

Seely ſtarres muſt needes leaue ſhining,
VVhen the ſunne is ſhaddowed.
Borrowed ſtreames refraine their running,
VVhen head ſprings are hindered.
One that liues by others breath,
Dieth alſo by his death.

O true life, ſince thou haſt left me,
Mortall life is tedious.
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all moſt odious.
Turne againe or take me to thee,
Let me dye or liue thou in mee.

VVhere the truth once was, and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanitie:
Shewing want, that helpe they cannot:
Signes, not ſalues of miſerie.
Paynted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceedes.

VVith my loue, my life was neſtled
In the ſomme of happineſſe;
From my loue, my life is wreſted
To a world of heauineſſe.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my ſoule, what did vnlooſe thee
From thy ſweete captiuitie?
God, not I, did ſtill poſſeſſe thee:
His, not mine, thy libertie.
O, two happie thrall thou wart,
VVhen thy priſon, was his hart.

Spightfull ſpeare, that break'ſt this priſon,
Seate of all felicitie,
VVorking this, with double treaſon,
Loues and liues deliuerie:
Though my life thou drau'ſt away,
Maugre thee my loue ſhall ſtay.

Times

Times goe by turnes.

THE lopped tree in time may grow againe,
Moſt naked plants renew both fruit and flower:
The ſorieſt wight may finde releaſe of paine,
The dryeſt ſoyle ſucke in ſome moyſtning ſhower.
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces chaunge by courſe:
From foule to faire: from better happe, to worſe.

The ſea of fortune doth not euer flowe,
She drawes her fauours to the loweſt ebbe:
Her tydes hath equall times to come and goe,
Her Loome doth weaue the fine and courſeſt webbe.
No ioy ſo great, but runneth to an end:
No hap ſo hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies fall of leafe, nor euer ſpring,
No endles night, yet not eternall day:
The ſaddeſt birds a ſeaſon find to ſing,
The rougheſt ſtorme a calme may ſoone alay.
Thus with ſucceeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to riſe, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may winne that by miſchaunce was loſt,
The net that holdes no great, takes little fiſh;
In ſome things all, in all things none are croſt,
Fewe, all they neede: but none, haue all they wiſh,
Vnmedled ioyes here to no man befall,
VVho leaſt, hath ſome, who moſt, hath neuer all.

Looke home.

REtyred thoughts enioy their owne delights,
As beautie doth in ſelfe beholding eye:
Mans mind a mirrour is of heauenlie ſights,
A briefe wherein all meruailes ſummed lye.
Of fayreſt formes, and ſweeteſt ſhapes the ſtore,
Moſt gracefull all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To natures patterns adding higher skill:
Of fineſt works wit better could the ſtate,
If force of wit had equall power of will.
Deuiſe of man in working hath no end,
VVhat thought can think an other thought can mend.

Mans ſoule of endleſſe beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke of endles skill and might;
This skilfull might gaue many ſparkes of bliſſe,
And to diſcerne this bliſſe a natiue light,
To frame Gods image as his worthes requird,
His might, his skill, his word, and will conſpird.

All that he had his image ſhould preſent,
All that it ſhould preſent he could afford:
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this ſuffize, by this conceiue the reſt,
He ſhould, he could, he would, he did the beſt.

Fortunes falſhood.

IN worldly meriments lurketh much miſerie,
Slie fortunes ſubtilties in baites of happineſſe
Shrowd hookes, that ſwallowed, without recouerie
Murder the innocent with mortall heauineſſe.

She ſootheth appetites with pleaſing vanities,
Till they be conquered with cloaked tyrannie,
Than, changing countenance, with open enmities,
She triumphes ouer them, ſcorning their ſlauerie.

VVith fawning flatterie deaths doore ſhe openeth,
Alluring paſſengers to bloodie deſtenie:
In offers bountifull, in proofe ſhee beggereth;
Mens ruines regiſtring her falſe felicitie.

Her hopes are faſtened in bliſſe that vaniſheth,
Her ſmart inherited with ſure poſſeſsion,
Conſtant in crueltie, ſhee neuer altereth,
But from one violence, to more oppreſsion.

To thoſe that follow her, fauours are meaſured
As eaſie premiſes to hard concluſions;
VVith bitter corroſiues her ioyes are ſeaſoned,
Her higheſt benefits are but illuſions.

Her

Her wayes, a laborinth of wandring paſſages:
Fooles common pilgrimage, to curſed deieties:
VVhoſe fond deuotion and idle menages
Are wagde with wearineſſe in fruitleſſe drudgeries.

Blind in her fauorites fooliſh election,
Chaunce is her arbiter in giuing dignities:
Her choyſe of viſions, ſhewes moſt diſcretion,
Sith welth the vertuous might wreſt from pietie.

To humble ſuppliants tyrant moſt obſtinate:
She ſuters aunſwereth with contrarieties:
Proud with petition, vntaught to mitigate
Rigour with clemencie in hardeſt cruelties.

Like Tygre fugitiue from the ambitious,
Like weeping Crodocile to ſcornefull enemies
Suing for amitie where ſhee is odious,
But to her followers forſwearing curteſies.

No wind ſo changeable, no ſea ſo wauering,
As giddie Fortune in reeling varieties;
Now mad, now mercifull, now fierce, now fauoring:
In all things mutable, but mutabilities.

Scorne

Scorne not the leaſt.

WHere wards are weake, & foes encountring ſtrong:
VVhere mightier doe aſſault, then doe defend:
The feebler part puts vp enforced wrong,
And ſilent ſees, that ſpeech could not amend.
Yet higher powers muſt thinke, though they repine,
VVhen ſunne is ſet: the little ſtarres will ſhine.

VVhile Pike doth range, the ſilly Tench doth flie,
And crouch in priuie creekes, with ſmaller fiſh:
Yet Pikes are caught when little fiſh goe bie:
Theſe, fleet a flote; while thoſe, doe fill the diſh.
There is a time euen for the wormes to creepe:
And ſucke the dew while all their foes doe ſleepe.

The Marlyne cannot euer ſore on high,
Nor greedy Grey-hound ſtill purſue the chaſe:
The tender Larke will finde a time to flie,
And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on Ceders did beſtow:
Gaue alſo lowly Muſh-rumpts leaue to grow.

In Amans pompe poore Mardocheus wept;
Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe.
The Lazar pinde, while Diues feaſt was kept,
Yet he, to heauen; to hell did Diues goe.
VVe trample graſſe, and prize the flowers of May:
Yet graſſe is greene, when flowers doe fade away.

The Natiuitie of Christ.

BEholde the father, is his daughters sonne:
The bird that built the nest, is hatch'd therein:
The olde of yeares, an houre hath not out-runne:
Eternall life, to liue doth now beginne.
The word is dumme: the mirth of heauen doth weepe:
Might feeble is: and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying soules, behold your liuing spring:
O dazeled eyes, behold your sonne of grace:
Dull eares, attend what word this word doth bring:
Vp heauie hartes; with ioye your ioye embrace.
From death, from darke, from deafenesse, from dispaires:
This life, this light, this word, this ioye repaires.

Gift better then him selfe, God doth not know:
Gift better then his God, no man can see;
This gift doth here the giuer giuen bestow;
Gift to this gift let each receiuer bee.
God is my gift, himselfe he freely gaue me;
Gods gift am I, and none but God shall haue me.

Man altered was by sinne from man to beast;
Beastes foode is haye, haye is all mortall flesh;
Now God is flesh, and lies in Manger prest;
As haye, the bruteste sinner to refresh.
O happie fielde wherein this fodder grew,
VVhose tast, doth vs from beasts to men renew.

¶ Chriſts childhood.

TIll twelue yeres age, how Chriſt his childhood ſpent,
All earthly pennes vnworthy were to write,
Such acts, to mortall eyes he did preſent:
VVhoſe worth, not men, but Angels muſt recite.
No natures blots, no childiſh faults defilde,
VVhere grace was guide, and God did play the childe.

In ſpringing locks, lay couched hoarie wit,
In ſemblance young, a graue and auncient port,
In lowly lookes, high Maieſtie did ſit:
In tender tongue, ſound ſence of ſageſt ſort,
Nature imparted all that ſhee could teach,
And God ſupplied, where nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modeſt meane a mirrour was,
His ſadneſſe, tempered with a milde aſpect:
His eye, to try each action was a glas,
VVhoſe lookes, did good approue, and bad correct.
His natures gifts, his grace, his word and deede,
VVell ſhewed that all did from a God proceede.

A child my choyse.

LEt folly praise that fancie loues, I praise and loue that child,
Whose hart, no thought: whose tong, no word: whose hand no deed
I praise him most, I loue him best, all praise and loue is his: (defild.
While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amisse.

Loues sweetest mark, lawdes highest theme, mans most desired light,
To loue him, life: to leaue him, death: to liue in him, delight.
He mine, by gift: I his, by debt: thus each, to others due:
First friend he was: best friend he is: all times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise: though smal, yet strong: though man, yet God
As wise, he knowes: as strong, he can: as God, he loues to blisse. (he is:
His knowledge rules: his strength, defends: his loue, doth cherish all:
His birth, our ioye: his life, our light: his death, our end of thrall.

Alas, he weepes, he sighes, he pants, yet doo his Angels sing:
Out of his teares, his sighes and throbs, doth bud a ioyfull spring.
Almightie babe, whose tender armes can force all foes to flie:
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct me when I die.

Content

Content and rich.

I Dwell in graces court,
Enrich'd with vertues rights:
Faith, guides my wit: loue, leades my will:
Hope; all my mind delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To pleaſures higheſt pich:
My ſeely ſhrowd true honor brings,
My poore eſtate is rich.

My conſcience, is my crowne:
Contented thoughts, my reſt:
My hart is happie in it ſelfe:
My bliſſe is in my breſt.

Enough, I reckon welth:
A meane, the ſureſt lot,
That lies too high, for baſe contempt;
Too low, for enuies ſhot.

My wiſhes are but few,
All eaſie to fulfill:
I make the limites of my power,
The bondes vnto my will.

I haue no hopes but one,
VVhich is of heauenly raigne,
Effects attaind, or not desir'd,
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
VVeldoing is my welth:
My minde to me an empire is
VVhile grace affordeth health.

I clyp high-clyming thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride,
Their fall is worst that from the hight,
Of greatest honour slide.

Sith sayles of largest size
The storme doth soonest teare,
I beare so low and small a sayle
As freeth me from feare.

I wrastle not with rage
VVhile furies flame doth burne,
It is in vaine to stop the streame
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out,
and ebbing wrath doth end,
I turne a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proofe,
A tempered calme I finde;
To be moſt ſolace, to it ſelfe;
Beſt cure, for angrie minde.

Spare diet, is my fare;
My clothes, more fit, then fine;
I know I feede and cloth a foe:
That pamp'red, would repine.

I enuie not their happe,
VVhom fauour doth aduance:
I take no pleaſure in their paine,
That haue leſſe happie chance.

To riſe by others fall,
I deeme a looſing gaine:
All ſtates with others ruines built,
To ruine runne a-maine.

No change of fortunes calmes,
Can caſt my comforts downe:
VVhen fortune ſmiles, I ſmile to thinke,
How quickly ſhee will frowne.

And when in froward moode
She proues an angrie foe:
Small gaine I found to let her come,
Leſſe loſſe to let her goe.

Loſſe in delayes.

SHun delayes, they breed remorſe,
Take thy time while time doth ſerue thee,
Creeping Snayles haue weakeſt force,
Flie theyr fault leaſt thou repent thee,
Good is beſt when ſooneſt wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoiſe vp ſaile, while gale doth laſt;
Tide and wind ſtay no mans pleaſure:
Seeke not time, when time is paſt,
Sober ſpeede is wiſedomes leyſure:
After wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his lockes before,
Take thou hold vpon his fore-head,
VVhen he flies he turnes no more,
And behind his ſcalpe is naked,
VVorkes aiournd haue many ſtayes,
Long demurres breede new delayes.

Seeke thy ſalue while ſore is greene,
Feſtred wounds aske deeper launcing;
After cures are ſeldome ſeene,
Often ſought ſcarce euer chauncing,
Time and place giue beſt aduiſe,
Out of ſeaſon out of priſe.

Cruſh the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be hatched,
Kill bad Chickins in the tread,
Fligge, they hardly can be catched.
In the ryſing, ſtifle ill,
Leaſt it grow againſt thy will.

Drops doe pierce the ſtubborne flint,
Not by force but often falling,
Cuſtome kils with feeble dint,
More by vſe then ſtrength preuailing.
Single ſands haue little waight,
Many make a drowning fraight.

Tender twigs are bent with eaſe,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young deſires make little preaſe,
Growth doth make them paſt amending.
Happy man that ſoone doth knock,
Bable babes againſt the rocke.

Loues ſeruile Lot.

LOue, miſtris is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they ſerue,
They reckon leaſt how little loue
Theyr ſeruice doth deſerue.

The will ſhee robbeth from the wit,
The ſence from reaſons lore,
Shee is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core;

Shee ſhroudeth vice in vertues vaile,
Pretending good in ill,
Shee offereth ioy, affoordeth griefe,
A kiſſe where ſhee doth kill.

A honny ſhower raines from her lyps,
Sweet lights ſhine in her face,
Shee hath the bluſh of virgine mind,
The minde of Vipers race.

She makes thee ſeek, yet feare to find,
To find, but not enioy;
In many frownes ſome gliding ſmiles,
Shee yeelds to more anoy.

She wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth ſhee draw it from thee,
Farre off ſhe makes thy hart to frie,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall ſome luring baits
For fooles to gather vp:
Too ſweet, too ſowre to euery taſt
Shee tempereth her cup.

Soft ſoules ſhe bindes in tender twiſt,
Small Flyes in ſpinners webbe,
Shee ſets a floote ſome luring ſtreames,
But makes them ſoone to ebbe.

Her watrie eyes haue burning force:
Her floods and flames conſpire.
Teares kindle ſparkes, ſobbes fuell are:
And ſighes doe blow her fire.

May neuer was the Month of loue,
For May is full of flowers,
But rather Aprill wet by kind,
For loue is full of ſhowers.

Like tyrant cruell wounds ſhe giues,
Like Surgeon ſalue ſhee lends,
But ſalue and ſore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

VVith ſoothing wordes, inthralled ſoules:
Shee chaines in ſeruile bands,
Her eye in ſilence hath a ſpeach,
VVhich eye beſt vnderſtands.

Her little ſweete hath many ſowres,
Short hap immortall harmes,
Her louing lookes, are murdring dartes,
Her ſongs bewitching charmes.

Like winter roſe, and ſommer Iſe
Her ioyes are ſtill vntimely,
Before her hope, behind remorſe,
Faire firſt, in fine vnſeemely.

Moodes paſsions, fancies icalous fits,
Attend vpon her traine;
She yeeldeth reſt without repoſe,
A heau'n in helliſh paine.

Her houſe is ſlouth, her doore deceite,
And ſlipperie hope her ſtaires,
Vnbaſhfull boldneſſe bids her gueſts,
And euery vice repaires.

Her diet is of ſuch delight,
As pleaſe till they be paſt,
But then the poyſon kils the hart,
That did entiſe the taſt.

Her

Her ſleepe in ſinne, doth end in wrath,
Remorſe rings her awake,
Death cals her vp, ſhame driues her out,
Diſpaires her vp-ſhot make.

Plowe not the Seas, ſowe not the ſands,
Leaue off your idle paine,
Seeke other miſtres for your minds,
Loues ſeruice is in vaine.

Life is but loſſe.

BY force I liue in will I wiſh to dye,
In plaint I paſſe the length of lingring dayes,
Free would my ſoule from mortall body flye,
And tread the tracke, of deaths deſired wayes;
Life is but loſſe, where death is deemed gaine,
And loathed pleaſures breede diſpleaſing paine.

VVho would not dye to kill all murdering greeues,
Or who would liue in neuer dying feares?
VVho would not wiſh his treaſure ſafe from theeues,
And quit his hart from pangues, his eyes from teares?
Death parteth but two, euer fighting foes,
VVhoſe ciuill ſtrife, doth worke our endleſſe woes.

Life is a wandring course to doubtfull rest,
As oft a cursed rise to damning leape;
As happie race to winne a heauenly crest,
None being sure, what small fruites to reape.
And who can like, in such a life to dwell,
VVhose wayes are straite to heau'n, but wyde to hell.

Come cruell death why lingrest thou so long,
VVhat doth withhold thy dint from fatall stroke?
Now prest I am alas thou doest me wrong,
To let me liue more anger to prouoke:
Thy right is had, when thou hast stopt my breath,
VVhy should'st thou stay, to worke my double death?

If Saules attempt in falling on his blade,
As lawfull were, as ethe to put in vre:
If Sampsons leaue, a common law were made,
Of Abels lot if all that would were sure.
Then cruell death thou should'st the tyrant play,
VVith none but such as wished for delay.

VVhere life is lou'd, thou ready art to kill,
And to abridge with sodaine pangues their ioy,
VVhere life is loath'd thou wilt not worke their will,
But dost adiourne their death to their annoy,
To some thou art a fierce vnbidden guest,
But those that craue thy helpe thou helpest least.

Auant ô viper, I thy spight defie,
There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,
VVho can thy weapons to his will apply,
And shorten or prolong our brittle course:
I on his mercie, not thy might relye,
To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.

I dye aliue.

O Life what lets thee from a quicke deceaſe?
O death what drawes thee from a preſent pray?
My feaſt is done my ſoule would beat eaſe,
My grace is ſaid, ô death come take away.

I liue, but ſuch a life as euer dies,
I die but ſuch a death, as neuer ends,
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my liuing death no whit amends.

Thus ſtill I dye, yet ſtill I do reuiue,
My liuing death by dying life is fed:
Grace more then nature keepes my hart aliue,
VVhoſe idle hopes and vaine deſires are dead.

Not where I breath, but where I loue I liue,
Not where I loue, but where I am I dye:
The life I wiſh, muſt future glory giue,
The deathes I feele, in preſent dangers lye.

What ioy to liue.

I wage no warre, yet peace I none enioy,
I hope, I feare, I fry in freezing cold,
I mount in mirth ſtill proſtrate in annoy,
I all the world embrace, yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefeſt wiſhes faile,
Yea life is loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.

For that I loue, I long, but that I lack,
That others loue I loath, and that I haue:
All worldly fraights to me are deadly wrack,
Men, preſent hap, I future hopes doe craue.
They louing where they liue, long life require,
To liue where beſt I loue, death I deſire.

Heere loue is lent for loane of filthy gaine,
Moſt friends befriend thēſelues with friendſhips ſhew
Heere, plentie perril, want doth breed diſdaine,
Cares common are, ioyes faulty, ſhort & few.
Here honour enuide, meanenes is diſpis'd,
Sinne deemed ſolace, vertue little pris'd.

Heere beauty is a baite that ſwallowed choakes,
A treaſure ſought ſtill to the owners harmes:
A light that eyes to murdring ſighs prouokes,
A grace that ſoules enchant with mortall charmes.
A luring ayme to Cupids fiery flights,
A balefull bliſſe that damnes where it delights.

O who would liue, ſo many deaths to try?
VVhere will doth wiſh that wiſedome doth reproue,
VVhere nature craues that grace muſt needs denie,
VVhere ſence doth like, that reaſon cannot loue,
VVhere beſt in ſhew, in finall proofe is worſt,
VVhere pleaſures vpſhot is to die accurſt.

Lifes death loues life.

WHo liues in loue, loues leaſt to liue,
And long delayes doth rue:
If him he loue by whom he liues,
To whom all loue is due.

VVho for our loue did chooſe to liue,
And was content to die:
VVho lou'd our loue more then his life,
And loue with life did buy.

Let vs in life, yea with our life,
Requite his liuing loue,
For beſt we liue when leaſt we liue,
If loue our life remoue.

VVhere loue is hote, life hatefull is,
Their grounds doe not agree:
Loue where it loues, life where it liues,
Deſireth moſt to be.

And ſith loue is not where it liues,
Nor liueth where it loues:
Loue hateth life, that holdes it backe,
And death it beſt approues.

For ſeldome is he wonne in life,
VVhom loue doth moſt deſire:
If wonne by loue yet not inioyde,
Till mortall life expire.

Life out of earth, hath not aboad,
In earth loue hath no place,
Loue ſetled hath her ioyes in heau'n,
In earth life all her grace.

Mourne therefore no true louers death:
Life onely him annoyes,
And when he taketh leaue of life,
Then loue beginnes his ioyes.

At home in Heauen.

FAire ſoule, how long ſhall veyles thy graces ſhroud?
How long ſhall this exile with-hold thy right,
VVhen will thy ſunne diſperſe this mortall cloud,
And giue thy glories ſcope to blaze their light?
O that a Starre more fit for Angels eyes,
Should pyne in earth, not ſhyne aboue the skyes.

Thy ghoſtly beautie offred force to God,
It cheyn'd him in the linkes of tender loue.
It woon his will with man to make abode:
It ſtai'd his Sword, and did his wrath remoue.
It made the rigor of his iuſtice yeeld,
And Crowned mercie Empreſſe of the feeld.

This lull'd our heauenly Sampſon faſt a ſleepe,
And laid him in our feeble natures lap.
This made him vnder mortall load to creep
And in our fleſh his god-head to enwrap.
This made him ſoiourne with vs in exile:
And not diſdayne our tytles in his ſtile.

This brought him from the rankes of heau'nly quires,
Into this vale of teares, and curſed ſoyle:
From flowers of grace, into a world of bryers:
From life to death, from bliſſe to balefull toyle.
This made him wander in our Pilgrim weede,
And taſt our torments, to relieue our neede.

O ſoule do not thy nobie thoughtes abaſe?
To loſe thy loues in any mortall wight:
Content thine eye at home with natiue grace,
Sith God him ſelfe is rauiſht with thy ſight.
If on thy beautie God enamored bee:
Baſe is thy loue of any leſſe then hee.

Giue not aſſent to muddy minded skill,
That deemes the feature of a pleaſing face,
To be the ſweeteſt baite to lure the will:
Not valewing right the worth of ghoſtly grace:
Let Gods and Angels cenſure winne beliefe,
That of all beauties iudge our ſoules the chiefe.

Queene Heſter was of rare and pearleſſe hew,
And Iudeth once for beautie bare the vaunt,
But he that could our ſoules endowments vew,
would ſoone to ſoules the Crowne of beauty graunt,
O ſoule out of thy ſelfe ſeeke God alone:
Grace more then thine, but Gods, the world hath none.

Lewd

Lewd Loue is Losse.

MIsdeeming eye that stoupest to the lure
Of mortall worthes not worth so worthy loue:
All beauties base, all graces are impure:
That do thy erring thoughts from God remoue.
Sparkes to the fire, the beames yeelde to the sunne,
All grace to God from whom all graces runne.

If picture moue, more should the patterne please,
No shaddow can, with shaddowed things compare,
And fayrest shapes whereon our loues do seaze:
But seely signes of Gods high beauties are.
Goe steruing sence, feede thou on earthly mast,
True loue in Heau'n, seeke thou thy sweet repast.

Gleane not in barren soyle these offall eares,
Sith reap thou maiest whole haruests of delight.
Base ioyes with griefes, bad hopes do end in feares:
Lewd loue with losse, euill peace with deadly fight:
Gods loue alone doth end with endlesse ease,
VVhose ioyes in hope, whose hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traine of fansies trap,
Or gracious features proofes of natures skill,
Lull reasons force a sleepe in errors lap,
Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will;
The fayrest flowers, haue not the sweetest smell,
A seeming heauen, proues oft a damning hell.

Selfe-pleaſing ſoules that play with beauties bayte,
In ſhyning ſhroud may ſwallow fatall hooke,
VVhere eager ſight, or ſemblant faire doth waite,
A locke it proues that firſt was but a looke;
The fiſh with eaſe into the Net doth glide,
But to get out the way is not ſo wide.

So long the flie doth dallie with the flame,
Vntill his ſinged wings doe force his fall,
So long the eye doth follow fancies game,
Till loue hath left the hart in heauie thrall;
Soone may the minde be caſt in Cupids Iayle,
But hard it is impriſoned thoughts to bayle.

O loath that loue, whoſe finall ayme is luſt,
Moth of the mind, eclypſe of reaſons light,
The graue of grace, the mole of natures ruſt,
The wrack of wit, the wrong of euery right;
In ſumme, an euill whoſe harmes no tongue can tell,
In which to liue is death, to dye is hell.

VAine loues auaunt infamous is your pleaſure,
Your ioy deceit,
Your iewels ieſts, & worthleſſe traſh your treaſure,
Fooles common bait.
Your pallace is a priſon that allureth
To ſweet miſhap, and reſt that paine procureth.

Your garden griefe, hedg'd in with thornes of enuie,
And ſtakes of ſtrife:
Your Allyes errour graueled with iealouſie,
And cares of life.
Your bankes are ſeates enwrapt with ſhades of ſadnes,
Your Arbours breed rough fittes of raging madnes.

Your beds are ſowne with ſeedes of all iniquitie,
And poys'ning weedes:
VVhoſe ſtalks euill thoughts, whoſe leaues words full of
VVhoſe fruite miſdeedes. (vanitie,
VVhoſe ſap is ſinne, whoſe force and operation,
To baniſh grace, and worke the ſoules damnation.

Your trees are diſmall plants of pyning corroſiues,
VVhoſe roote is ruth.
VVhoſe barke is bale, whoſe timber ſtubborne fantaſies:
VVhoſe pyth vntruth.
On which in liew of birdes whoſe voyce delighteth:
Of guiltie conſcience ſcreching note affrighteth.

Your cooleſt ſummer gales are ſcalding ſighings,
Your ſhowers are teares,
Your ſweeteſt ſmell the ſtench of ſinfull liuing,
Your fauoures feares
Your gardener ſathan, all you reape is miſerie:
Your gaine remorſe and loſſe of all felicitie.

From

From Fortunes reach.

LEt fickle fortune runne her blindeſt raſe:
I ſetled haue an vnremoued mind:
I ſcorne to be the game of fanſies chaſe,
Or vane to ſhew the chaunge of euery wind,
Light giddy humors ſtinted to no reſt,
Still chaunge their choyce, yet neuer choſe the beſt.

My choyſe was guided by fore-ſightfull heede,
It was auerred with approuing will,
It ſhalbe followed with performing deede:
And ſeal'd with vow, till death the chooſer kill,
Yea death though finall date of vaine deſires,
Endes not my choyſe, which with no time expires.

To beauties fading bliſſe I am no thrall:
I bury not my thoughts in mettall Mynes,
I aime not at ſuch fame, as feareth fall,
I ſeeke and find a light that euer ſhynes:
VVhoſe glorious beames diſplay ſuch heauenly ſights,
As yeeld my ſoule a ſumme of all delights.

My light to loue, my loue to lyfe doth guyde
To life that liues by loue, and loueth light:
By loue to one, to whom all loues are tyde
By deweſt debt, and neuer equall right.
Eyes light, harts loue, ſoules trueſt life he is,
Conſorting in three ioyes, one perfect bliſſe.

FINIS.